

The LINCOLN LINK

LINKING TOGETHER ALL ELEMENTS OF THE LINCOLN MOTOR CAR HERITAGE



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LINCOLN

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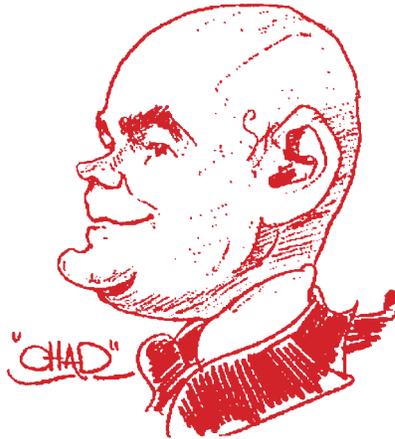
FROM THE EDITOR

■ IN THIS ISSUE is a treat for followers of the Continental Mark II—and please, don't call it the *Lincoln* Mark II. The *Continental* Mark II is a separate animal from the Lincoln line of fine cars, although it utilizes the Lincoln engine and many other Lincoln components, and was sold by Lincoln dealers.

William Clay Ford is the man who conceived, created and produced the Continental Mark II. His amazing story is revealed in an exclusive interview, and contains some surprises as to who approved this program, how it was handled within the company, and why it was suddenly terminated. This interview took place on October 26, 2007, as part of a Foundation program of Living History interviews with people who have contributed to the Lincoln automobile. The interviewer is Foundation Trustee **Vaughn Koskarian**, who is himself a retired 32-year Ford veteran with high level managerial responsibilities.

Although only 3000 Continental Mark II cars were built, they cut a wide swath and surely enhanced the Lincoln brand. This interview and the publishing of it is long overdue. Enjoy.

■ The article on page 7, "Purebred Lincolns," came to me among the papers in the literature collection of my dear friend, the late **Hans Thudt** of Germany. The neatly trimmed article bore no identification, and I cannot therefore identify and credit the publication or provide the date. It is a wonderful story of several fascinating San Francisco characters and their



beloved and well-used Lincoln cars. The author is the widely read and respected **Griffith Borgeson**, who was then just beginning what became a very successful career in automotive journalism. The story says much about the Lincoln automobile and those remarkable pioneering Lincoln enthusiasts, and is a wonderful Lincoln read for us all to savor.



■ The article by **Derek Brown** continues a series of stories by dedicated Lincoln owners. Owing, maintaining and using his Lincoln for 44 years, Derek has become one with the car. Riding with him in London is quite an experience, as he cuts through traffic like a hot knife

through butter. When Mini drivers notice this tall Lincoln in the mirror, they scatter like pigeons. I have seen Derek nonchalantly drive this car backwards a full city block at speed between two closely spaced rows of cars without so much as a second thought. Derek knows every squeak and throb of his vibrant and tough 81-year-old device and is full of "there I was . . ." stories. Derek's story is one of admiration and loyalty and tender care to an old Lincoln, which offers character and ownership pleasure in return.

■ In the Letters column, **Ivan Mahy** speaks of the Autoworld Museum in Brussels, which displays an excellent selection of cars from 1899 to 1970, many of them rare and significant. Since 1988, this collection has been housed in the magnificent Palais Mondial, part of the Parc du Cinquantaire. I have visited there and can tell you that the cars, the display and the setting are all very impressive and well worth a visit.

—CHAD COOMBS
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Mercury: A Reminder

The Ford Motor Company has announced that the Mercury brand will go out of production at the end of 2010. No surprise—the brand has been all but ignored by Ford Motor for many years, saddled with selected re-badged models from the Ford brand and no new Mercury-specific models. Lincoln dealers have been promised better and more

Lincoln brand models to help fill the loss of Mercury sales. It's a sad ending indeed for a respected brand that carried a loyal following and was considered a better-constructed car than the equivalent Ford model.

Let us not forget that seventy-one years ago Edsel Ford launched the Mercury as a competitor in the market price class higher than the Ford and lower than the Lincoln-

Thirty-five years ago, the Ford Motor Company manufactured its first automobile. The accumulated experience of all those thirty-five years now finds new expression in an entirely new car, the Mercury 8 . . . designed to extend Ford-Lincoln standards of mechanical excellence, progressive design and outstanding value to a new price field.

THE NEW

MERCURY 8
A PRODUCT OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY



There's something as new as the Spring in the clean, sweeping lines of the Mercury 8. It is a wide, remarkably roomy car, but skilful design has made its bulk beautiful. • There's extra smoothness and silence, too, as well as extra space. Soundproofing materials help to eliminate noise and vibration. Restful quiet is as much a part of Mercury comfort as are soft, deep seats. • The Mercury has hydraulic brakes and a brilliant, economical new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine. All its appointments are as modern as the new steering wheel and instrument panel shown at right.

FEATURES OF THE MERCURY 8

116-inch wheelbase; 16 feet, 4 inches over-all length • Unusual width and room for passengers • 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine • Hydraulic brakes • Modern flowing lines • Luxurious appointments and upholstery • Deep, soft seat construction • Thorough scientific soundproofing • Balanced weight distribution and center-poise design • Large luggage compartments.



Ford-Built Means Top Value

FORD MOTOR COMPANY . . . FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

Zephyr. The result was a car slightly larger than the Ford, with more power and refinement than Ford models. Its price of \$930 for a Mercury sedan placed it in direct competition with the Dodge Deluxe Six, Pontiac Deluxe Eight, and Studebaker Commander Six, all popular models. Its \$930 sedan price was \$165 higher than a Ford DeLuxe sedan, \$200 higher than a Ford Standard Fordor and \$430 lower than a Lincoln-Zephyr sedan in the Ford family of cars. In 1940, the Mercury sedan at \$987 was \$1,794 cheaper than the new Lincoln Continental coupe.

Mercury sold 70,835 cars in its first model year, compared to 532,152 Ford cars and 20,999 Lincoln-Zephyrs. These were commendable numbers for the time, especially for a brand-new model. For comparison, Dodge sold 186,474 of all models, Pontiac sold 34,774 DeLuxe Eights (144,340 of all models), and Studebaker sold 106,470 cars (including the new Champion). Mercury sold 86,685 cars in 1940.

The Mercury was Edsel's project, introduced against the wishes of his domineering father, and followed the pioneering 1936 Lincoln-Zephyr to broaden Ford Motor offerings in the gap between the low-priced Ford and the very high-priced Lincoln K. Edsel and stylist Gregorie got it right, giving the Mercury a new and spacious body and upgrading the Ford chassis and drive line bits to make it quieter, softer riding and better handling than the Ford sedans. Bean counters took over for 1941, generally adapting Ford body shells and drive lines for succeeding years except 1949-1951 and 1957-1959. Mercury received up-market touches to justify slightly higher prices. Toward the end there was little difference among the various Ford models and equivalent Mercury versions except the dealer, Ford or Lincoln.

Was the Mercury worth the extra cost over a Ford in the early years? After all, by 1946 the only difference was a few inches in wheelbase, different front end sheet metal and trim. As it happened, my father was able to obtain a new 1946 Ford Super DeLuxe sedan in black, a pretty car. This 18-year-old car-mad teenager was ecstatic; I considered it the best car on the road—that is, until I drove our pastor's new 1946 Mercury on out-of-town speaking engagements. That Mercury was quieter, smoother riding and easier to drive, yet casual inspection showed the mechanicals to be identical.

Rest in peace, Mercury; you satisfied many people.—EDITOR

The Man and the Story Behind the Mark II

BY THE EDITOR

AN INTERVIEW with **William Clay Ford, Sr.**, provides some surprising answers regarding the Continental Mark II. Who initiated the concept? How was it handled within the company? What were the product goals, and who killed the program? The Lincoln Motor Car Foundation has undertaken a program of recording Living History interviews with people who have contributed to the success of Lincoln automobiles. As part of this program, Foundation Trustee **Vaughn Koskarian** interviewed William Clay Ford, Senior, son of Edsel Ford and grandson of Henry Ford. Although Mr. Ford has worked in a variety of responsible assignments within the Ford Motor Company, the thrust of this interview was focused on a luxury product of the company, independent of all other auto products, but related to Lincoln—the magic Mark II automobile of 1956 and 1957. The interview took place on October 26, 2007, and has been approved for release to the public. This article carries the



major elements from this landmark interview. Enjoy. (“VK” is Vaughn Koskarian and “WCF” is William Clay Ford.)

VK: *Perhaps the best way to start would be just to tell us about your early days with Ford.*

WCF: I’d always assumed I would be working for Ford, and I always had a love for automobiles. You know, it was just part of our life with my family and everything—my grandfather and my father. I never knew exactly what role I’d play, but I certainly anticipated being a part of it. Then, after the war, I graduated from college and went through kind of a training program. I started out in sales. I spent a little time in that. In college I’d taken some courses in industrial relations, and I thought I’d give that a try; John Bugas, who was then Vice President of Industrial Relations, put me on the bargaining team with the UAW, Walter Reuther, and all the rest of them. So I spent about four or five months, I guess, negotiating. It was a wonderful experience, but it sure dampened my thought of ever going into that as a way of life. . . . So, I got out of that, and then went to Lincoln-Mercury, not to work on cars, particularly, but I went into Quality Control on the jet engine program that Lincoln had and quality control for a couple of months. I think we were subcontractors to Westinghouse, working on the jet engine program. Then one day Ernie Breech asked me to go to his office. He wanted to talk



to me about something, and I said, “Sure.” So I got into his office and he said, “We’ve been getting a lot of letters, and I’ve been hearing from dealers that they want to know if we are ever going to make the Lincoln Continental again.”

I perked up and said, “Yeah.” After we chatted awhile, he said, “Would you like to try to undertake something like that?” I said I’d love it: “That’s exactly where my inclinations are in the design field.” Of course, the Continental was done by my father, and I said, “I can’t imagine anything nicer than to follow in his footsteps and do, in effect, a modern version of the Continental.”

So, really, at the start of the program there was virtually nobody to work with. I did get one engineer, Harley Copp, and from then we took off.

VK: *Do you think your father had a major impact on that, or at least your exposure to your father’s interests?*

WCF: Yeah, I do. I thought about that a fair amount, and in retrospect I’m pretty sure he did, because, well, there at home he was an amateur painter and designer, and he had a little studio where he would draw cars and he did other kinds of painting, but the ones that interested me were the cars—and he knew I liked them, so he took me as a young kid, really, virtually all over the world looking at car rallies. We went to England, we went out to

the Roosevelt Raceway in Long Island, just the two of us, and it was wonderful exposure. I got to meet all the people from the various companies and had a chance to look up close at all the vehicles that were around there. It was a fascinating experience.

VK: *Going back to the Mark II program, in terms of its inception, there was a fair bit of general support for the program, almost certainly from Ernest Breech—you said he was the one who talked to you about it, but also your brothers and other key members of the senior management.*

WCF: Yeah, they all got involved in it. I don't know what Breech's discussions with my brother, Henry, were, but really, initially it was Breech who was primarily my main contact. And he was the guy that I stayed in touch with as the program went on. Obviously, I talked with my brother, but really not anything directly. I'd tell him how the design was going and what we were doing, but what I was telling him was more informational than anything else. He had Lincoln-Mercury and it didn't really involve Lincoln *per se*. We used the Lincoln engine, but beyond that it didn't involve much to do with Lincoln. He really wasn't involved with it.

VK: *You were given Harley Copp, and I know that John Reinhardt came on as a chief stylist and designer and so on. How did you choose your team, and can you give us a little background on some of them?*

WCF: Yeah, actually, Harley is the one who found John Reinhardt, and I think John was working at Packard at the time. Harley said, "I'm thinking of hiring this guy, but I know this is your baby. Why don't you talk

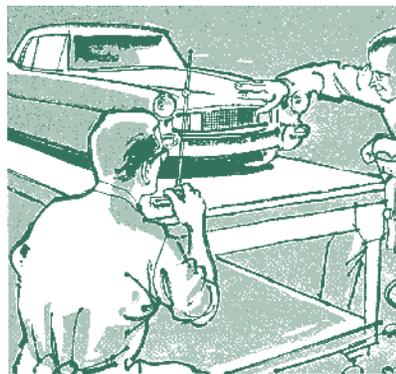
to him?" So we had an interview with Reinhardt and talked for hours, and I could tell right off he was thinking along the same lines that I was, and it was just good fortune that we happened to mesh right off. That's how John came on board. He hired the other people that worked in our little design center. They were John's people that he knew from other jobs that he'd had.

VK: *Many of them came then from the outside?*

WCF: Yeah, a few of them did. Bob Thomas, who was John's assistant, came from the outside. I think some of them may have worked at Ford at one point. The clay modelers and that kind of personnel may have come from Ford. I'm not really sure what their backgrounds were. I think most of the actual designers did come from the outside.

VK: *This wasn't going to be a great money maker, but rather, it was going to be sort of a promotional advertising, image builder for the brand.*

WCF: When it was conceived, the most optimistic financial forecast was really a break-even. The objective of the program was really to be in effect three-dimensional advertising for Ford Motor Company. It was going to be a corporate design umbrella

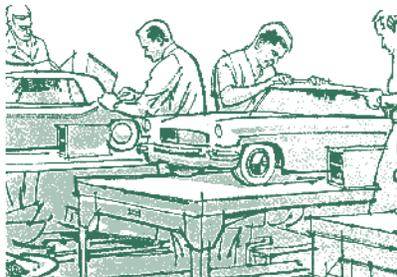


that hopefully would reflect on all the other Ford products, and it was kind of looked at like taking out a full-page color ad in *LIFE* magazine, or something similar that would cost money, but we could do it better with an actual car. It was almost at about the same time that the company went public, and I think that was a big factor in the demise in that Ernie Breech, who ran our first stockholders meeting, didn't want to report that one of our divisions was in a loss position. I think he was scared of what the public reaction might be, even though you could justify it. They really wanted black ink and not red ink for the first shareholders' meeting, so that really was kind of what killed it.

VK: *How compatible early on were your thoughts, your brother's thoughts and Ernest Breech's thoughts on what the Mark II should represent in terms of styling and function?*

WCF: Well, I had an idea. I don't think either my brother or Ernie Breech really had any preconceived notion of what the car ought to be. I didn't get any suggestions from either of them. I knew in my own mind what I wanted to do, and in my conversations with John Reinhardt, he knew exactly what I was getting after, and luckily he was the kind of guy who could do just that sort of thing. So, the only times that my two brothers, Breech, and anyone else in the top echelon of the company was involved in the styling was when we brought them over for design reviews. So they really didn't have any input at all.

VK: *It seems like you had this idea of a contemporized descendant of the original Continental.*



WCF: That's correct.

VK: *And I guess you coined the 'modern formal' description.*

WCF: Right, yeah. But my reasoning, and John Reinhardt's, was that if we did it right the first time that good taste wouldn't change. And the lines would be timeless on the car, and that's where we sort of developed a modern formal theme. The idea was to basically keep the car unchanged through the product's cycle.

VK: *Whose idea was it to bring on these four outside stylists to develop independent styles?*

WCF: I think it came from Ernie Breech and Henry: "Let's bring in some outsiders and see what they can do." Harley Copp established parameters so that nobody could make it look like a rocket ship or something. So the only distinction between one designer's renderings and another's was that we numbered them and placed them around the walls in the design studio, then had the members of the design committee come over individually and look at them, and then we'd scramble all the numbers up so when the next guy came in, if the first guy said, "Well, I like number 3," number 3 would be totally different for the next guy. Every time we had a showing, all the renderings had different num-

bers. Luckily, it was unanimous that our design was picked over the rest of them! We were really curious to see what others in the company who hadn't been close to it felt. I don't blame them. We were all pretty young, and I'm not at all sure if they thought, "I wonder if these guys really know what they're doing." So we got some older and grayer hairs in there, too.

VK: *What was the rationale when you took the Mark II to the Paris Auto Show, and what was the reaction there?*

WCF: Well, the reaction was very favorable—people thought it was a really handsome automobile. I think the anticipation was that it would be glitzy, or more of a show car than what they saw. But they appreciated the design of it, and when the Auto Show was over, we got very high marks on really doing a good job of a production vehicle. So I'd say it got really good marks out of Paris. Over time, we did get a lot of comments, such as, "When are you going to do a four-door?" And, internally, we agreed, there was a limited market for a two-door coupe, so we designed a four-door that had all the basic styling elements of the two-door, but obviously it had bigger dimensions because it was a bigger car. We were all set to go into production on it, but we never got a chance to show it to top management because they killed the program before we got

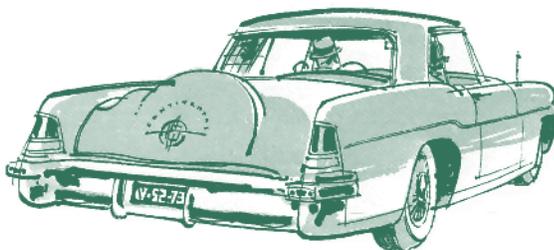
to it. I said, "Well, we've got this four-door that's not just on the drawing board, it's gotten a lot further than that and we're ready to go with it." But management said, "Well, no, we've put too much money in it now. We're going to close it down." So it never saw the light of day, and it's too bad because it was a darn good-looking car and I'm sure it would have accomplished whatever the two-door fell short in as far as mass appeal goes. We thought the four-door would give us almost a complete car line. The decision to stop the Mark II program was late in 1956, early 1957. The Mark II was wonderful because I kind of had my own mini company.

VK: *I understand there was a Mark II film done for the introduction. Was it pretty accurate?*

WCF: Yes, it was. I had a copy of it for quite a few years. . . . Also, I read the *Fortune* magazine article you sent me ("The Solid Gold Continental," December, 1955), and that's really quite accurate. . . . The guy, whoever did it, obviously did his homework. There were a few things that were off, but he kind of captured the essence of it.

VK: *This has been a wonderful interview, Mr. Ford. Is there anything you think I've missed?*

WCF: No, I think you've done your homework very well. I think it's great what you're doing with the Lincoln Motor Car Foundation. I really do. I think it's terrific.



Purebred Lincolns in San Francisco, c. 1950

Reprising a memoir of the early days of Lincoln collecting

BY GRIFFITH BORGESON



■ *The author's 1928 Lincoln V-8*

I HAD GROWN UP with the highest regard for vintage Lincolns. It was 1947, and I was without wheels in San Francisco when I spotted a very clean 1928 five-passenger phaeton on an obscure used-car lot. The man wanted \$300 for it; we settled for \$250 in cash and an absurd assortment of junk in trade.

The Lincoln—I never called it anything but that—obviously had known nothing but loving care; it was in excellent condition even though its odometer had to be on its second time around. I cut new celluloid windows for its side-curtains, stitched them in place by hand, and began a dozen years of unforgettable motoring. Although the car was straight out of a gangster film, it rarely attracted attention in those days, except from former chauffeurs—many of them black—who had an ultra-refined sense for mechanical quality. Like all Lincolns, mine had a highly reserved sort of elegance which was the antithesis of the flagrantly peasant-impressing bait which was set out for the *nouveau riche* of the Roaring Twenties. It was cool.

I was just beginning to write professionally in those days, and quit the city in order to organise my head in tranquil surroundings. I headed for the rugged Mother Lode country, pulling a grossly

overloaded house trailer as though it were a cork, and found work as a surveyor. My beat ranged from the San Joaquin Valley floor, up through the Sierra Nevada foothills to above the timberline. *The Lincoln* was my workhorse and, with all the torque in the world, 20-inch tyres and eight inches of ground clearance, it would go anywhere where it could get traction. I kept it greased and once had to replace an ignition coil. It was a monument to reliability.

One July weekend I left my base at Angels Camp and headed for the bright lights of the valley town of Fresno. The heat soared as the altitude lessened, topping out at better than 120°F on the valley floor. Then, while rolling at a serene 60 (the car would do about 90 very willingly), there came the heavy drumming which announced that a main bearing was giving up the ghost. There was one hope of finding a replacement: try to make it to The City, to San Francisco.

I reversed direction, headed north and stuck to the edge of the highway, not exceeding 30 mph. The bearing knock was not alarming at that speed, and it became less so in the cool of the evening. As I crawled up the Pacheco Pass, which separates the vast valley from the coast, the inland heat met the frigid air off the Pacific, generating gale-force

winds. They tore the aged top fabric to shreds. The toll-gate attendant on the Bay Bridge shook his head as I emerged out of the chilling fog clad in a light sleeveless shirt. But we made it.

Van Etta Motors had been Lincoln headquarters in San Francisco since the birth of the marque, and we were there when the doors opened the following morning. The service manager greeted the old car with real warmth, but when I asked for a new main bearing he told me that the last one had been sold years ago. But he said that there was one man in town who perhaps could help me. He scribbled a name and an address on a slip of paper. And that is how I came to meet Carl Schilling, scion of a famous pioneer San Francisco family.

His was a neat, upper-bourgeois neighbourhood that was still loose enough not to protest too loudly against his garaging a gutted 1935 Lincoln phaeton in the street. It served him as a pickup truck and as an expression of his contempt for what happened to Lincoln quality as of that year. His house was like all the others on the block: built wall against wall and two stories high, with residential space above and garage, laundry, and servants' quarters on the ground level.

I rang the bell and the door was opened by a bald, bronzed man of about 35, wearing a white T-shirt, faded jeans, and immaculate white socks. No shoes. He stood about six-two, had the build of an athlete in top form, and he greeted me with a hostile and challenging “Yes?”

I told him why I was there and he asked indifferently to be shown my car. He slipped on a pair of moccasins and was hardly impressed by what he saw, including the top in rags. Saying nothing, he disappeared into his garage and returned with a long screwdriver. Then he ordered me to fire up the engine. Using the tool as a stethoscope, he did a thorough diagnosis on the bottom end, presently announcing that No. 2 main was indeed gone. Then, with no word, he went back to the garage and returned with one of the big bronze shells, neatly wrapped in clean newspaper.

“Here,” he said. “You owe me fifty cents. While you’ve got it torn down you’ll check the other bearings, of course. There are a few more where this one came from.”

The symbolic price for this life-saving service was silly. I said so and thanked him.

“Don’t mention it,” he said. “It’s too bad that you live so far away. I like your car. I had its twin—toured Mexico with it. If you ever get back to San Francisco, stop by.”

A couple of days later I was back in Angels Camp. The bearing was still good when I gave that engine to Tony Porta two years later.

Working in the open all day and hitting the typewriter at night, I had gotten organized as a writer during that year in the Sierra, and it was time to return to The City. Carl was the only person I had met who had a strong interest in old Lincolns and who knew all about them. It wasn’t long before I knocked on his door again.

“Do you still have your car?” was the greeting that he snapped at me, accusingly.

He thawed when I nodded, then thawed more when he saw the old beast with a new top and without its normal undercoat of red Mother Lode clay. Only then did he say, “Well, why don’t you come on inside?”

The house was a pretty typical wealthy bachelor’s lair. Good paintings on the walls, bear rugs everywhere, and a Steinway grand piano were among the knick-knacks. After a drink and more cautious questioning, Carl said, “It’s what’s downstairs that will interest you here. Come with me.”

In his eternally white-socked feet, he led the way down an interior staircase. The panorama was around the first bend. The building was about 30 feet wide and 85 feet long. And those also were the dimensions of the garage, because that is all that the ground level was. Nearest

the street door was a 1934 Lincoln V-12 KA convertible coupe. It was absolutely mint, and finished in beige and *café au lait*. Its coachbuilder’s nameplate read Murray, but the extremely refined body design had been appropriated from one of the marque’s more distinguished suppliers.

In front of this gem stood a 1932 KB V-12 with close-coupled sedan body by Judkins, one of the very finest of the great American coachbuilders. Its paint was original. The colours were the same as those of the convertible, but their two tones were much richer and slightly darker. The finish looked almost new, but had that subtle patina of use which gives a depth and mellowness to surface beauty that can be achieved in no other way.

The walls of the huge garage were lined with cribs of Lincoln parts, and then came the shop area, with all the tools that sensible money could buy. They were not hung on the wall nor kept in boxes or trays, but were laid out on a long metal workbench like surgical instruments. The floor was spotless, and near the KB, whose bonnet was raised, a small selection of tools was laid out on a clean white cloth. Carl pointed out that, as long as there are automotive steam-cleaning establishments around, there is no excuse for working on a dirty car. He expected that his thick white socks should not be soiled by the garage floor.

He expressed himself in the style of one who is to the manor born and quite bored but slightly amused by that fluke of fate. He told me:

“My father bought the KB new. He drove it all over the States and Europe, and it’s done over 250,000 miles. It *has* had good care, as you can see. And I’ve made a number of improvements to it. For example, as near perfection as the KB engine is, the left-hand cylinder bank never gets quite as much oil as it should, making it wear more rapidly than the other bank. You can see here the supplementary system I’ve built into this one to insure adequate upper-cylinder lubrication.”

It quickly became clear that Carl was a tremendously knowledgeable practical engineer. He was self-taught, having



■ Carl Schilling, happy perfectionist—always happiest when at work on a Lincoln

acquired this discipline through reading, observation, listening to experts and to his own intuition. He wore his skill and knowledge as though he had been born with them. What he *had* been born with, however, was a super-rich family which had planned his future from before his birth. Those plans, of course, ignored his own individuality. His childhood had been loveless and cheerless, most of it spent in boarding and military schools. He was groomed to take a position of leadership in the family’s financial empire—this was his dutiful obligation to the family. But the family failed in its obligation to him. He refused to be its *thing* and refused to consecrate his life to its material ends.

With a name which, in his part of the world, had the ring and reck of gold, his loneliness was not helped by the friends he tried to make. The people of his own rarified socio-economic level were generally an impossible bore. Everyone else used him, or tried to. And from the time that he began going with girls, he never had the luck to find a single one who did not try to fleece him by the third date.

Carl yearned for relationships that would be soul-satisfying and dependable; he sought emotional warmth and security. Always frustrated, he began to turn away from human beings and toward machinery. Bit by bit he made the complete transition, finding in the noblest of machines the moral qualities which he had been unable to discover in human beings. He found immutable beauty, harmony, dignity, dependability, loyalty, even friendship; and, as it worked out, even a sort of maternal bosom in which to seek final refuge. Reliability was perhaps the most sacred word in his vocabulary.

I had bought my Lincoln simply because I liked it. I had no idea that there was an old-car movement taking form, nor that, in a few years, my car would be deemed a “classic.” I did not know that little old-car clubs were beginning to take shape and did not dream of clubs devoted to single makes. It gave me a great feeling of security and joy to be accepted into Carl’s one-make cult. He had owned all manner of fine cars before he became satisfied that Lincoln had made the best cars in the world. The V-8s of the Twenties were awfully good, and he loved them. But the KB V-12—made only in ’32 and ’33—was the ultimate for him and, part by part, he could tell you precisely why. I was fascinated by the world of values that Carl had discovered, and I became a faithful disciple in that superb shop of his—actually the temple of his faith. Over the months and then years, he taught me much of what he knew or believed, all of which was immeasurably enriching. I was able to repay my guru with friendship and with the fruits of research, above all when I began to study the life of Henry Martyn Leland, the creator of Lincoln, and of Cadillac before that, and, before



■ This Chinese Red and Bottle Green 1926 Lincoln coupe de ville had been in mint condition when acquired by The Major.

that, of parts interchangeability for the automotive industry.

Carl's talent as teacher and spiritual guide was helped and humanised by a sense of humour that was ironic, biting, and brilliant. His quest had brought him into contact with most of the old-car nuts in California, and his insight into the collector's mentality was as penetrating and hilarious as that of P.G. Wodehouse. But the collectors who counted the most for him were The Major and Tony The Garbage Man. They were the big collectors of Lincolns.

The Major had been stuck with that name years before his retirement from the U.S. Army with the rank of full Colonel. He had a farm in a fashionable suburb of San Francisco, and there he accumulated his prize pieces.

"The Major is a menace to Lincoln society," Carl warned me. "He knows that Lincolns are the best, which is why he has eighteen of them and keeps getting more, although Tony beats him to all the KBs. He's one of those collectors who, if he can't take his treasures with him, makes damned sure that no one else ever will enjoy them. For all I know, he actually has figured out some way to take their essence with him.

"You can't imagine," Carl continued, "the fine machinery that that man has dragged into his orchard, to leave it there to rot. He has only one car that isn't a Lincoln. It's a Packard Super Eight, one of the last made before the war, a midnight-blue limousine. It belonged to the Japanese Embassy here and had about 700 miles on it when Pearl Harbour came along. The Government seized the car and, after the war, The Major managed to liberate it. He drove it home without bothering to find out if there was any water in the cooling system. The block cracked before he got there. He had the car towed out behind his barn and turned his kids loose on it. First they took a hammer to the instruments and then they set fire to the polar-bear rug. Now the car is a total, irredeemable ruin, and he's accomplished his purpose. He's like these wrecking-yard operators who get a sensuous ego-thrill out of taking a torch to some glorious machine. 'Hitting it in the head with an axe' is what they

gleefully call it."

One day we piled into the '34 convertible and motored out to pay a visit to The Major. It was just as Carl had said, and more. The only car that wasn't a ruin had been saved inadvertently by being trapped, years before, in the farm's huge barn. It was a '29 7-passenger phaeton. When The Major had acquired it, its top had been up and there had been a canoe, upside down, lashed to the top. Nothing had changed and, except for the dust, cobwebs, and flat tyres, the car was ready to resume its holiday cruise. It had been thus preserved because The Major also had a passion for old newspapers, and the barn was stacked to the rafters with incalculable tons of the things, almost burying the car. The other seventeen Lincolns lived with the Packard out of doors, and all were in an advanced state of decay, although Carl assured me that each had been in fine condition when acquired. In one of them lived The Major's handyman, whom he referred to as "my tenant," in a baronial way.

Tony, the remaining luminary of Lincoln society, was not really a garbage man. He was an illiterate Genovese who had been imported at a tender age by relatives who were making out just fine in San Francisco's Little Italy.

The garbage-collecting business in San Francisco was at that time—and I suppose still is—divided up between the romantically named Sunset Scavenger Company and the paternalistic Scavengers' Protective Association. This big Italian brotherhood was run on some sort of very remunerative profit-sharing basis. Tony rose to be boss of the truck-repair shop and became exceedingly well-off.

This achievement of the American Dream never showed in Tony's public life. He had one old suit, lived in a single sordid room, and took all his meals in the cheap *trattoria* downstairs. He usually walked or took trolleys, but on rare, special occasions would fire up his road machine. It was a 1926 Nash coupe. In its near quarter-century of existence it

had never been washed. When its windshield was too opaque to see through, Tony would rub a hole in the crust with his thumb. But he kept his little car running like a watch. And he kept the world-at-large totally ignorant of his affluence and of his secret vice.

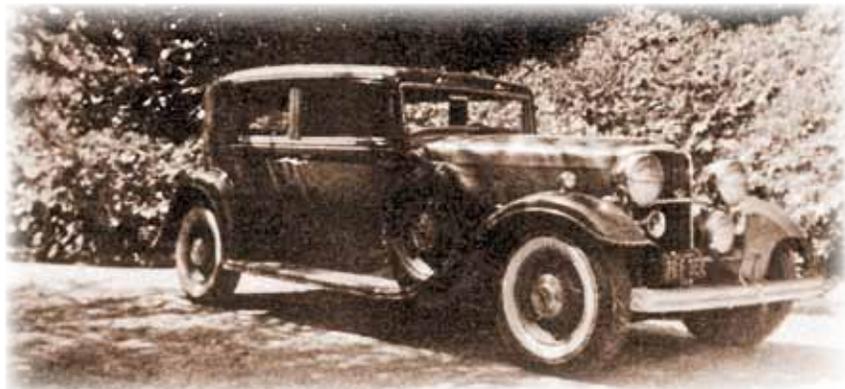
"Well, you've heard enough about it," Carl said one day. "I guess you're up to seeing it."

He called the Judkins KB *The Queen Mary*, and it was the only car that one could think of using for this occasion. We motored regally over to the heart of North Beach, where the Association's vast truck barn covered a city block. Carl wheeled the big KB down the ramp and parked it alongside a long row of great fragrant high-sided green trucks. We were both wearing old Levis and T-shirts, but the garbage men knew Carl and saluted him with respectful deference.

He led the way through dark and narrow passages in the rambling rabbit-warren that had grown at random around this choice piece of real estate. We began passing neatly arranged piles of Lincoln rear axles, front axles, steering gears, wire wheels and the like. Finally we stumbled upon Tony.

He was a dark little man about five feet tall and built like an ape. He was half-way up a rickety step-ladder, and in one hand held a chain-fall that could not have weighed an ounce less than 150 pounds, and probably considerably more. "Jussamin," he said around his well-chewed, unlighted half of a black Toscano. Then, holding onto the top of the ladder with his free hand, he lifted the hoist high overhead, without the slightest effort, and hooked it onto an I-beam. Not bad for a little guy pushing fifty. Carl shot me a smug, deadpan glance that said: "And you probably thought that I was exaggerating about my boy Tony."

The little Genovese climbed down and crushed my hand, mumbling a rudimentary greeting. He never had bothered to learn more English than it took to buy old Lincolns. Also, he was somewhat deaf, so communication con-



■ *The Queen Mary* in its stock 1932 form, with coachwork by Judkins.

sisted largely of inspecting his hoard and exchanging facial expressions of awe (the visitor's) and of shy pride (the owner's).

In that one room Tony had twelve KB engines, all clean and sitting neatly on blocks. He had the beautiful polished-aluminium gearboxes to go with them, in another glittering row. In adjoining rooms he had radiators, headlights, instrument panels, tyres, hubcaps, door-handles. Name it, it was there. And elsewhere around the great building—which had the air of being his personal property—he had about a dozen complete KB Lincolns, all in fine condition and properly sheltered, a collection worth its weight in SJ Duesenbergs and of far finer engineering quality. Carl had explained to me that Tony never drove any of his Lincolns. He just liked to have them. Out of the 2210 KBs that had been manufactured, Tony had a good corner on the survivors and was still a fierce collector.

His setup was hard to beat. Since he was a Big Shot in the outfit, the crews of scores of garbage trucks, making daily rounds of the city, all were Tony's spies. He had taught them all how to distinguish KBs from other Lincolns, and they kept the city under perpetual surveillance. When a hot lead would come in, Tony would hurry to the given address by the cheapest public transport, arrange a price, pull out the gagging roll of \$100 banknotes that always bulged in his otherwise shapeless old trousers, pay up, and drive away, back to Garbageville. He spent all his vacations travelling the great length of California by bus, sifting his way through wrecking yards. Tony was a man after Carl's own heart. His life was consecrated to the preservation of the finest machines in the world.

This common bond obliterated the gulf, social, cultural, and linguistic, which otherwise eternally would have separated Carl and Tony. No genuine conversation was possible between them, but they visited each other regularly, exchanged Lincoln lore, and felt good, as soul-brothers do when they get together. It was a wonderful and touching thing to see.

In 1950 I discovered a '31 Lincoln V-8 engine in a wrecking yard and decided to drop it in my '28. With down-draught carburation and higher compression, the "new" engine was good for 20 percent more horsepower in stock form. And '31 was the one year during which the aluminium crankcase of the V-8 came factory-polished to a mirror finish, like the KB. I rebuilt the new engine with all of the fanatical thoroughness which I had been taught, but left it to The Master to fit the new lower-end bearings. He scraped and blued them in, using half of an old piston ring as a precision tool. Ported and polished and with 1/8-inch higher pistons, my '28 became what



■ *The Queen Mary, as updated with '33 KB radiator shell, headlamps, front fenders and bumper, awaits the installation of a rebuilt V-12. Schilling spent three hours arranging the parts for this photo!*

authorities for years judged to be the best-running, best-performing Lincoln V-8 (vintage) in existence.

My guru approved of modifying original equipment whenever this spelled real improvement. We disagreed strongly when he mounted a '33 radiator shell and fenders on *The Queen Mary*, but this was merely a question of taste. The improvement was spectacular when he chopped the KB's drive shaft and adapted a vintage Chrysler Imperial overdrive to the KB transmission. He used a 1922 Leland Lincoln handbrake lever because he preferred its looks, feel and action. At one point he devoted a couple of months to torching off the whole front of his car's massive frame and skilfully adapting Packard Twelve independent suspension to it.

When *The Queen Mary* was fired up, the only way that you could tell if the engine was running was by looking at the oil-pressure gauge. Were those the days? *Yes!* When Carl got the IFS installed, we took a spin down to the parental country manor, leaving the front fenders off in order to watch the suspension work. It was flawless. Returning, we clocked 120 MPH on the deserted Skyline Boulevard, thanks to the overdrive. At that speed, the stately Judkins sedan rode with a perfection that I never can hope to describe. We just smiled at each other, chuckling over the pitiful lot of those condemned to do their motoring in Rolls-Royces and other iron of that ilk.

I was the one friend—in the sense of communication—that Carl had. At the end of 1950, I accepted an editorial post with an automotive magazine in Los Angeles. With the '28 phaeton's huge springs supporting a good ton of personal gear, my last stop in San Francisco was at Carl's. It had been planned that way, and Tony was there to join in the farewells. He and Carl both thought that writing about cars was a much-needed and good thing to do. They gave me a fine send-off, but I knew their thoughts.

They both were wondering, "How can anyone hang onto his values in that razzle-dazzle, Kustom Kar heaven?"

Carl's health was bad. As a boy, when that same Woodside mansion was under construction, he had taken a three-story fall and had shattered his pelvis. Ever since, he had been whittled on by an endless succession of expensive surgeons, all to no avail. He was a mass of internal adhesions and spent most of his time in a great deal of pain.

One day I received a phone call from San Francisco. Carl had put a hose in *The Queen Mary's* tail pipe and ducted it neatly into the passenger compartment, still fragrant with the fantastic aroma of its original upholstery. Then he had sat behind the wheel and had switched on that 448-cubic-inch great mother of engines.

I thought that a note might catch up with me, but there was none. About a year later, finding myself in The City, I went by the garage of the Scavengers' Protective Association to say *ciao* to Tony. I found him on his back, stuffing a bronze worm gear into the rear end of an American-La France truck of the trade. Of course there was nothing to talk about but Carl, and finally I asked the inevitable question:

"What happened to Carl's stuff, Tony?"

"You didn't know?" he said with surprise. Then he swallowed hard, looked at the ground, and plunged into it.

"He left everything to me. Do you understand? His house, his furniture, his piano, his books, his tools, his cars. He left his whole estate to me. *Tutto, tutto, tutto.*"

Carl had really done it. He had proved to his family the worthlessness of all that it had seen fit to bequeath him. His act said to them, "All your hardware is garbage." The same act—in his heart and in Tony's—was an act of love, and it breathed soul into that dead hardware. And also, what may have been most important, Carl had insured the sacramental conservation of that other hardware which for him was the living manifestation of much that is noblest in man.

■ *Griffith Borgeson (1918–1997) was an influential American race car historian, described by the Society of Automotive Engineers as one of the world's preeminent automotive historians. His most well-known work, The Golden Age of the American Racing Car, almost single-handedly rescued the memory of an entire era of brilliant race car work in the United States, an era whose memory was being lost. Borgeson was editor-in-chief of Motor Trend magazine; he also wrote for Sports Car Illustrated magazine (now Car and Driver).*

Eugene T. “Bob” Gregorie: Father of the Continental

BY DAVID CRIPPEN

Bob Gregorie’s youth was spent on the East Coast of the United States, primarily on Long Island. This marine atmosphere inculcated in him a lifelong love of ships—steam yachts and sailing vessels.

As a young man, he spent his professional apprenticeship in the great ship design firms of New York City. Much of his later success he attributed to this exacting discipline.

With the shock waves generated by the 1929 stock market collapse and the ensuing Great Depression, Bob Gregorie was faced with the reality that yacht commissions were becoming few and far between. Characteristically, he turned to automotive design, where he hoped to apply the design fundamentals he had acquired in ship design.

After discouraging stints with the fast fading custom body firms, he arrived in Dearborn in 1932, referred to the Ford Motor Company. Edsel B. Ford, who had been the avatar of tasteful design at the Ford Motor Company since the early 1920’s, had, with the success of the 1932 Ford V-8, established a small professional design center at the Dearborn complex. Heretofore



Bob Gregorie

dependent on local body firms, Ford decided to develop special bodies at his personal direction. To head up the operation, he hired young Bob Gregorie. They hit it off almost from the beginning. Edsel was delighted with Gregorie’s marine design background and his quiet air of confident authority.

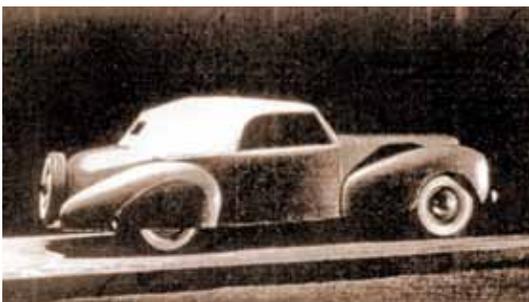
Gregorie was largely responsible for the practical but modern lines of the Ford from 1935 to 1948. Many of these models are highly regarded by today’s collectors.

Edsel Ford’s vision of modern design, which had early taken shape with the stylish, custom-bodied Lincoln, began to flower in 1936 with the emergence of

the boldly streamlined Lincoln Zephyr, which, two years later, provided Ford and Gregorie with the base of one of the most admired designs of the 20th century: the Lincoln Continental. Artfully blending the radical shape of the Lincoln Zephyr with Edsel Ford’s vision of a “continental” automobile, Gregorie and his talented design staff produced the sweeping, soaring lines of what was to become the 1940 Lincoln Continental.

Introduced in the fall of 1939, the Continental was a critical success largely due to its classic, yet modern body contours. Its acceptance by design aficionados and a select consumer audience was universal. In 1951, it was selected by the Museum of Modern Art as one of the eight best pre-war automotive designs.

Gregorie, with characteristic modesty, attributes the design of the Continental to Edsel Ford’s inherent good taste and critical eye. “He was,” says Gregorie, “a generous and perceptive mentor who closely followed the development of his dream car.” But much of the credit for the Lincoln Continental’s design must go to Bob Gregorie, whose masterly implementation of his mentor’s suggestions produced an enduring triumph of modern automotive design.



■ Two views of the original 1/10th scale clay model of the Lincoln Continental executed by Bob Gregorie and Gene Adams in 1938.



My 44 Years with a 1929 Lincoln L

BY DEREK BROWN, UK

AMERICAN CARS were imprinted in my mind when I learned to drive in my grandfather's 1929 Chrysler on his spacious estate. These cars impressed me with their power and strength. After a year spent working in France, I had accumulated a little money and started thinking of a car of my own. In 1967, an enormous old 1929 Lincoln L caught my eye and fancy in London, and I sought out the owner and bought it, with a bit of financial help from my father. The negotiated price was £550, and my friends thought I was barmy—that money would have bought a new Mini, which was then the rage among the young. I began driving it, first on an L (learner's) plate, kept it housed with father, then in lock-up garages, and slowly came to grips with its size and capabilities. It had great presence in the streets, and still does, as well as ample power. It will whiz along at 70 MPH with ease. It showed 60,000 miles at purchase and 80,000 miles now. The interior remains original.

Over time, I discovered that many items of equipment were missing, and set about slowly to collect and install them, as well as carrying out a running restoration and all the maintenance tasks. In doing so, I learned a great deal about this Lincoln, and cars in general, and acquired many rewarding friends who were also into old cars. Somewhere along the line, a door was cut into the rear of the car, neatly done, and not noticeable, probably for



■ Derek Brown and his 1929 Lincoln L visit with Elizabeth “Buffy” Everington (née Andrae), daughter of the car’s original owner, at her family estate at Tandridge Court. The Lincoln spent its first sixteen years here as part of the Andrae family.

wheelchair access for a World War Two veteran. It remains as part of the character of this lovely old Lincoln, which has never let me down. It has literally become a part of my life, even though other old cars came and went—a lovely Alvis Grey Lady sedan, a Lincoln Continental coupe, a Morris Minor Traveler, and others. A Hispano-Suiza presently lives in my garage alongside the Lincoln.

The Lincoln has worked for its keep, too. It has appeared in a dozen or so movies, including *The Great Gatsby*. It also served as a wedding car in a hundred or so weddings over a 20-year period—good fun and a money earner to help pay for running costs and upgrades to this demanding mechanical mistress. In one movie, it had to operate amid tons of salt on the ground

to simulate snow. This did the car no good and prompted a restoration, including a repaint, all done by the owner.

Upon retirement, I have had time to dig into the Lincoln’s history a bit, and learned who bought the car originally. He was a wealthy industrialist and land owner who sired eight children. I have located a surviving offspring, the seventh child, and have lunched with her several times and shown her the Lincoln. She has kindly located old photos of the car. A Lincoln ad from *Punch* magazine also has turned up, showing a Lincoln emerging from his motor house, which is my car. This suggests that the car was used by Ford to promote Lincolns.

Yes, 44 years of my life with the same Lincoln, with no plans to change!

COMMENTS FROM THE EDITOR

■ Derek identified the original Lincoln owner with a tip from David Burgess-Wise, who identified the owner's grandson. The first owner was Dr. Edward Andreae, a tall and erect gentleman, born in November of 1879, still sharp of mind and gracious when interviewed in 1976 at the age of 96. He was sent to Germany for his education, starting in a private school, continuing at the University of Bonn and hence to Berlin University, studying inorganic chemistry, and earned a Doctorate of Philosophy and Physics. Along the way he became close friends with the son of the Kaiser, through his activities in rowing. At age 35, he married Miss Constance Keyl, a person of great talent and skill as a pianist, well known in the musical world. She bore him eight children, seven daughters and a single son.

During his career, Dr. Andreae was outstandingly successful in research and the organizing of several successful businesses, plus an enduring school, and was active in public affairs. He loved yachting and helped pioneer the use of boats with motors. He purchased a huge house in the Tandridge District of Surrey, which housed Derek's Lincoln in the stables and appeared in a Lincoln ad in the famous English *Punch* magazine. Derek thinks the Ford Motor Company first used his Lincoln for promotion before selling it to Dr. Andreae. The car was first registered May 8, 1929, in Lancashire, thereafter registered in Surrey. The then annual rate of duty on this car was £40, a whopping fee, considering one could buy a Ford Model Y for as low as £100 in the middle 1930s! Cars like this Lincoln were not only expensive to buy, but also expensive to operate for the English.

Evidently Dr. Andreae kept the Lincoln for 16 years, according

to the next item in the official log registry. The next owner is identified as a Bertrand Kinder of Sanderstead, Surrey. The date of transfer was December 29, 1945.

Derek was able to connect with Dr. Andreae's seventh child, Elizabeth ("Buffy"), a sparkling and charming lady of advanced years, who has become a fountain of information and photos of this Lincoln. She is pictured in the car with her mother on the way to Buckingham Palace to be presented to King George VI on July 6, 1938. She occasionally lunches with Derek and has ridden in the Lincoln while sharing memories of her family, and the car. It is apparent that all the family, and friends and the public, simply adored Dr. Andreae. He was truly a remarkable man.

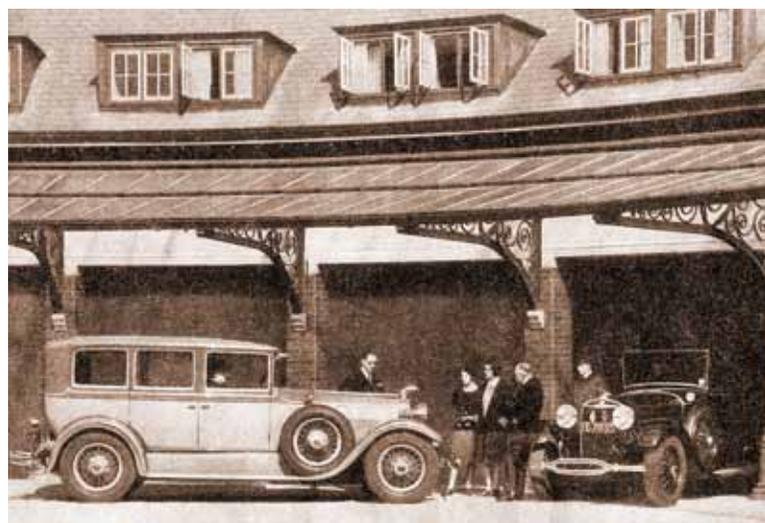
It should be mentioned that Derek has been heavily involved in the old car movement, as well as restoring, maintaining and using his Lincoln throughout his 44 years of ownership. Derek appreciated the finer cars of his era and, in addition to the Lincoln, has owned many other cars of interest, including a 1949 Jaguar Mark 5 sedan, two 1955 Mercedes 300B sedans, a 1954 Alvis Grey Lady sedan, a 1954 Alvis Grey Lady convertible, a 1937 Packard 120 convertible by Chapron of Paris, a 1959 Facel-Vega HK500



■ In July, 1938, Buffy (right) and her mum, Constance, rode in the Lincoln from Tandridge Court to Buckingham Palace to be presented at court to King George VI.

Excellence sedan, a 1966 Mercedes 600 short-wheelbase sedan, a 1966 Mercedes 300 SEBC convertible coupe, three Aston Martins, a 1963 DB6, a 1965 DB5, and a 1966 DB6, a 1965 Lagonda Rapide, a 1937 Buick Special Renfern-Salon-Tourer by Maltby of Folkstone, a 1937 Buick Roadmaster formal sedan, a 1931 Lincoln LeBaron roadster model 214, a 1947 Lincoln Continental coupe, and several 1960s Morris Minor Travelers.

Derek's continuous and ongoing 44-year involvement with a single vintage automobile, his first car, which is now 81 years old, is unusual and remarkable. So is the discovery of the early history of the car and the degree and development of his hands-on restoration and maintenance skills and persistent parts search. He is an example for us all. We wish Derek many more years of active ownership of this special Lincoln automobile.



■ Derek's Lincoln (right) appeared in this photo from a Lincoln advert in *Punch* magazine in May, 1930. It is readily identifiable by its number TE 7855, as British cars are issued one licence plate number for the life of the car. The setting is the garage at Tandridge Court, today converted to housing.

Letters

■ Colin Spong's article in our last issue, entitled "Royalty on the Lincoln Road," explored the history of Lincoln automobiles used by royal families in Europe and elsewhere. The article prompted this personal reply from Ivan Mahy of Ghent, Belgium, who oversees a massive collection of significant automobiles that was begun by his father in 1944.

Dear Mr. Spong,
I had the pleasure to read your excellent article in the Winter 2010 edition of *The Lincoln Link*. We own a Continental Mark II that was ordered new by the Emir of Qatar. The car (#XC 5691183) was delivered new in 1957, but was sent back to the US because they had forgotten to order and install air conditioning in the car. This was reputed to be one of the first instances of long-distance transport of a car by air.

Later, the car was used on a private estate in Switzerland, where the family's sons used



■ The Continental Mark II in the Mahy collection in Belgium was originally the property of the royal family of the Emirate of Qatar, a small country that juts out into the Persian Gulf. You don't want a car without air conditioning in that climate!



■ Persevering Ghislain Mahy, the far-sighted collector and hands-on restorer.

it and a Chrysler Imperial to drive around the gardens. The Lincoln suffered a lot of bumps and scratches, so it was roughly restored by a Swiss friend before we acquired it for our collection. It is still in the same condition, and can be seen at www.autoworld.be.

We own ten other Lincolns, the history of which is mostly unknown. If any of them belonged to a famous personage, we know nothing about it.

We do have a 1933 Lincoln KA-1029 with a nice Murray roadster body in our collection, which we found a long time ago in Holland. Who was its first owner?

Continue your research work—it is a valuable job you do!

Yours sincerely,
IVAN MAHY
Mahymobiles

■ A follow-up letter to your editor explained the magnitude of the Mahy auto collection:

Dear Mr. Coombs,
First, I wish to thank you for sending us your *Lincoln Link*. There are two museums, showing cars from the same Mahy collection. The first one is Autoworld at Brussels. The

second is Mahymobiles, located at Leuze-en-Hainaut, also in Belgium. The Autoworld museum houses about 250 cars and the Mahymobiles museum has the remainder, of which about 250 are shown to the public. Mahymobiles is served by several volunteers and is visited weekly by old-timer clubs. A library containing 30 tons of automobile literature provides a valuable source of information. The cars date from 1895 to 1990.

If one day you would be in the neighborhood of Belgium, please contact me. I would be very honored to welcome you as a guest.

Yours sincerely,
IVAN MAHY
Ghent, Belgium

■ Ivan Mahy's father was Ghislain Mahy, born 1901, who, with only a couple of helpers, personally restored 300 cars out of a collection of 800 cars over a period of 45 years. This work was done year-round in an unbeated large circular concrete edifice, formerly a circus winter quarters, in Ghent. These restored cars were the basis of the Autoworld museum in downtown Brussels.



■ Dammann & Wagner tell us, in *The Cars of Lincoln Mercury*, that this 1933 Lincoln is Model 520-A with trunk deck. At a cost of \$2,900, it weighed about 4,750 lbs. and had a lined top. This was the first year for the new smaller V-12 engine of 381.7 cubic inches and 125 horsepower. The KA-1029 serial number was near the end of the run.

Your Foundation Trustees



Farley

Recently appointed a Trustee of the Foundation, **James D. Farley** provides a Foundation connection with Ford Motor Company management. Jim comes from a family with a background in Lincolns: his grandfather was a Lincoln dealer in the Detroit area. Jim owns a Model L Lincoln, and would also like to buy a black 1924 to 1926 Lincoln cabriolet.

Jim Farley is Ford Motor Company's group vice president, global marketing, effective August 1, 2010, and reports directly to Alan Mulally, Ford's president and chief executive officer. In addition to his global marketing role, he will lead the company's sales and service operations—the first time Ford has a single global leader for marketing, sales and service. Prior to this, Jim was group

vice president, global marketing and Canada, Mexico and South America, starting in September, 2009. Jim joined Ford in November, 2007.

Prior to working at Ford, Jim joined Toyota in 1990. His last assignment was as group vice president and general manager of Lexus. Before that, he served as group vice president of Toyota Division marketing and national advertising manager. One of his most noted accomplishments was his responsibility for the successful launch and rollout of the new Scion brand.

Farley earned a Bachelor's Degree in economics and computer science at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. He then completed his MBA in finance at the University of California, Los Angeles. Farley and his wife, Lia, have three children.

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